Mona Lisa - Caterina

Thirty Five Original Poems

by

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Table of Content

I Have Lived For Art 4

My Mona Lisa - Caterina 5

To Feel the Heat and Touch the Heart 7

In the Middle of the Night 8

Unwrap Me and Savour the Sweetness of Life 9

If They Love Their Flowers 10

Take the High Road – Few Souls Will Follow You There 11

Everyday He Walked This Way 12

You Remind Me of Victor Hugo 13

Something Pink and Flower Like 14

Is It Eden After the Fall? 15

Is it the Dark Abyss of Death You Fear? 16

The Community of Ideas 17

Let Us Be Remembered 18

Her Beauty is so Real and Kind 19

You Don't Remember Do You? 20

Perhaps Potty or a Bit Dotty 21

While I Still Have a Chance 22

A Modern Rhymerick Count 23

Ode to an Upset Stomach..... 25

Kiss Kiss 26

Oh me … Oh My 27

The Pig Philosopher..... 28

School Life..... 29

In His Dreams He Was Loved 30

The Likes of You 31

Dans Le Jardin des Etoiles..... 32

Her Beauty Shall Endure 33

An Old Man Forgotten..... 34

Sitting and Writing Poetry at Canada Place in April..... 35

It's Lunch!..... 37

Is That A Smile? 38

The Rooster, he crowed and crowed and crowed..... 39

The Poetess 40

There was a Nice Nurse Named Caroline..... 41

Book Notes..... 42

I Have Lived For Art

I have lived for art.
I have lived for love.
They are nere apart.
But do I get enough
of either in a day?
Yes, if that day is full
of happiness and play.
Then I need not mull
as to whether I have
done all I can. It's
in the evidence of kind,
that my life be fully mine.

My Mona Lisa - Caterina

There are two faces
in the painting. One
we see – another left traces
beneath the surface. Come
let us look closer at the two Lisas.
The painting is a poser!
We know of La Gioconda;
let us ask whys she is
– hidden away – painted over. Who is
she we see? Maybe it is his mother, his
Lisa, John the Baptists he
be in his last painting
– the patron saint of Florentine Artists,
a wild scholar among wanton
family, pushing him down
– he had two sisters and
nine brothers, and five
mothers, but only one his
own, Catherina, the illegitimate one.
Both his father and mother
were dead when he painted
his Mona Lisa – he was
alone with his remembrances,
pushed out by his siblings,

forgotten – exiled into the
wilderness, to utter his wise
words alone – history will not
forget me – let them not forget
she who bore me, she
who pushed me into this world.
If I be John the Baptists,
then Elizabeth be my mother,
my Mona Lisa - Caterina

To Feel the Heat and Touch the Heart

I spend another night alone
in dreams of that other place,
where only peace and happiness grows
where bows, and belles, and pink lace
dance amidst the headiness of time,
where light is light, and joy is joy,
where being blissful is not a crime,
where one’s heart is not a toy
and visages light the surreal day.
So ask me not, why then do I
return to that which is the real – I pray
one day, to stay among the bows,
the belles, the pink, the lace
to feel the heat, and touch the heart
of one who will never want to be apart

In the Middle of the Night

In the middle of the night
when all are asleep but I
what keeps me awake is fright,
that inescapable fear that I may die
before I wake. The clock strikes three
It is fatigue that catches me, and will
with certainty soon set me free
of that what binds me still
to my life, and how I am to be.
Then I drift to bless'd dream
that blissful state of willful being
without a care at all it seems,
with clos'd eyes and open'd mind
Seeing that fright is not death, but life.
Awake me nought for I slumber still.

Unwrap Me and Savour the Sweetness of Life

It was the touch electric, her
hand upon mine. I looked
up to see two shining eyes, sure
of herself, she smiled. This took
me by surprise, for I knew she
liked me, but how much, now
I knew it was more like love, be
may what it comes, now how
could there be any doubt, here
was someone who wanted to
unwrap me, and savour
the sweetness of life in its
fullness, so I smiled back.
Ah well, I could not stop her
nor would I want to. For I
knew what it was, and let it be

If They Love Their Flowers

What flowers do when we aren't
watching – am I old enough to know?
They have male and female parts
so close together as they grow ...
the stamen, the carpel, soft petals,
filaments, anthers and pollen
– sperm by any other name – that settles
on everything, drawing us all, and calling
the bees, with their stingers, out to play
in the middle of spring and summer days.
When we give a flower to a pretty girl,
if they love their flowers,
we too set the world
into male and female parts.

Take the High Road – Few Souls Will Follow You There

I know not how to start the tale
nor how to end it. Perhaps it will
end itself in time. It leaves me pale
to think of it. It leaves me ill
at heart. Take the high road –
few souls will follow you there,
Take the low and your mood
will be crowded out. Care
that you do not trip up
for the vultures will start
to circle, they'll gather to sup,
hoping to tear you apart.
They'll throw you over
the first chance they get
and leave your bones
to blanche in the sun

Everyday He Walked This Way

Everyday, I walked this way
To work – through the park.
Today I stopped to play
Before my long day starts.
And what did I do see
On the ground but an ant
That trudged fast past me –
You could almost hear him pant.

Everyday he walked this way
To work – through the park.
Today he stopped to play
And climbed up onto my shoe
And what was I to do?
But bid him hello and ask

How long will your work day last?

You Remind Me of Victor Hugo

I have a friend
who is a sculptor.
He struggles just like me
He studies me and says
you remind me of Victor Hugo.
sit – let me do your bust,
but leave your hat on!
I want to sculpt something different.
A bust with a hat on is novel.!
No, Victor Hugo never wore hats.
Like him you like to write stories.
Maybe one day he will be
famous, my artist friend
and his art will make
me famous too. Or maybe
we'll both just go bust!
Two artists who struggled
And now are forgotten.

Something Pink and Flower Like

I try to imagine
how she might look.
How her petals might
curl like something
pink and flower like.
How she is plentiful
and would put Andromeda
to shame. The summer
is young – the sun
it has begun to shine.
The days are bright
They might get hotter
still. The dew might
flow and fill the air
with that indescribable
perfume that draws
us to savour the softness
of something that is
pink and flower like
Oh how the tulips
Blossom.

Is It Eden After the Fall?

What ever could it be that brings us strife?
If I am to be blamed for anything, let time
weigh lightly upon my conscience. I have enjoyed life
to its fullest. I have only to think, what crime
is there in this? We live, we love and soon
thereafter time catches up with us all.
The bell tools, it tolls, it tolls ... is it doom
that beckons, or is it Eden after the fall?
Or is it that the bells ring and ring
that heaven rejoices in the spice and fire
that's been my life? Do the angels sing
that I have found all that I desire ---

Is it a litany of praise? Is the community of thought
that I have found in life all that I sought!

Is it the Dark Abyss of Death You Fear?

While the dawn cometh before us, we face
the dusk differently, knowing much more
then when our task was ‘take a first breath!” Graced
by an unknowing and terrifying journey, before
we understood ourselves and the world – now
things are much different. We have grown old …
time had passed in its mortal toll. How
much we regret, those tasks left undone, told we –
leave it until tomorrow. Well, it has come –
the morrow, and the sorrow, time cannot be overturned.
Let the clocks run down, look nought in a mirror!
That inevitable, unhappy friend cannot be spurned,
And is it the dark abyss of death you fear,
or is it growing old and frail, my dear?

The Community of Ideas

When I look back in silent thought
as to how my life has come to pass.
Once a boy uncertain of things I sought
in a world at war --- not meant to last.
How could I have dearly known
even by a young man's inner light
that with each day, each moment grown
an understanding of what was right.
For I was never in a frightful state,
nor I to wander in the dark and grope,
I was not at all fearful of my fate,
nor killed by a Cold War's hollow hope.

The Community of Ideas and compassion were my friends
And my courage has wrought a peaceful end.

Let Us Be Remembered

Our lives are but the passage of a moment ...
It is the community that lives and grows
and when our last breath, or comments
evaporate away, what will our efforts but show?
Will it be the continuation of things monumental --
will our memories live on, live on anew?
Will our words be considered, vital, fundamental?
Will they be whispered even at the edge of doom
be stirred or shaken ... be chronicles of amity,
ever present in such beauty so expressed
that they live on forever in posterity.
Given a choice between what's worst or best,

Let's be remembered ... ask not what we can do
for you ... but what you can do for us.

Her Beauty is so Real and Kind

It was her smile, that lovely smile
that softened my heart. It chipped away
the hardened cast, that had trapped awhile
that which had been shattered to pieces. Say
a word or two of simple grace, continue on
– for more words need be said. Her grace
is far from simple. Then on me it dawns
that the heart is that hidden place
where the great softness of us sits – blind
to those vulnerabilities that give us fright.
But her beauty is so real and kind
her love doth be this mistress' delight!
    Pray tell, let me bow, let me love your sure
    For I know her beauty shall endure.

You Don’t Remember Do You?

Please forgive me.
I have forgotten
your name, but
not the fullness
of your breasts,
where we had
met … but not
the wetness of you.

But then again
you don’t remember
do you …
You don’t
remember my name
just the thrust
of our last
encounter.

Your smile says it all.

Perhaps Potty or a Bit Dotty

He spends countless days parked on a bar stool,
at the West Van *Legion*, drinking and annoyed by the
world. He's a nincom named Anthony … perhaps potty,
or a bit dotty. Perhaps he has spent too much time
hatless in the midday sun? He takes offence someone
rings the bell when they want the 256 bus to stop.

His words are fouled up … much like his thoughts …
old and shriveled and without respect. Then he
tottles and decides to get even meaner, and talk
it up among his circle. But they know him better
than he knows himself. They know he has to hate
and despise something or someone, for it is his nature.

So why not the unfortunate soul … who rings
the bell … when he wants the 256 bus to stop.

While I Still Have a Chance

The warmness, the softness,
To sleep… perchance to dream …

Sleeping is so wonderful
that I want to lay my head
down and sleep forever …

But wait – the Big Sleep's
what awaits us all!

Best I get up 'n about
and do something useful

while I still have the chance.

A Modern Rhymerick Count

One two,
buckle my shoe

Three, four
run for the door

Five, six
pretend that I'm sick

Seven, eight
go and faint

Nine, ten
back to bed, again

Eleven, twelve
into my comics I delve

Thirteen, fourteen
mom … it's not what it seems

Fifteen, sixteen,
gone are my comics … my mother is mean!

Seventeen, eighteen
She’s figure my scheme

Nineteen, twenty
Off I go … school’s a plenty!

Ode to an Upset Stomach

Gurgle, gurgle
Chug, chug

Gurgle, gurgle
Chug, chug

Gurgle, chug
Churgle, gung

Gurgle, gurgle
Chug, chug

Kiss Kiss

Knock, Knock

Who's there?

Kiss Kiss

Kiss who?

Kiss me …

Silly!

****

Knock Knock

Who's there?

Bo!

Bo Who?

Don't be sad – it's only a game.

Oh me … Oh My!

Oh me
Oh my!
I think
I'm going
To die!

It's bad
So sad
I grow
Old with
the times.

Were it
the kit
to stay
a child
for ever.

The Pig Philosopher

Here Piggy

Piggy …piggy …

Hear here!

Oink Oink

Now here's

the Point

I stink

Therefore

I am

School Life

Seven

Calm

Hours

Of

Optimistic

Life

In His Dreams He Was Loved

The night came and he slept
alone, like he always did.

He slept as one, himself.
He had forgotten what
pleasure meant, the warmth
of touch, the happiness. His
missed fortune weighed heavily
upon his heart. He would
rather dream than be awake.

In his dreams he was loved –
he was not alone.

The night came and he slept
alone and dreamed,
as he always did.

The Likes of You

Roses are red
and tulips are blue,
these flowers are pretty
but not as pretty as you.

These flowers are soft,
but not as soft as you are.
Their petals do not draw
my heart as yours do.

Roses and tulips are sweet
but not as pleasing as you
when you are exultant –
your splendour is unequalled.

Roses and tulips – they
pale in their beauty
when set besides
the likes of you.

Dans Le Jardin des Etoiles

A child looks up into the starry night.
A boy sees warriors with arms bare
A girl sees goddesses with flowing hair.
They do not see what adults might.
Nor what makes these stars shine bright.
Only twinkle, twinkle, little friend, how
Beautiful you are – bar none. Only now
Perhaps with time they'll see the light.
They'll cease to be so silly – sadly
Dans le jardin des etoiles,
times passes fast.

Her Beauty Shall Endure

It was her smile, that lovely smile
that softened my heart. It chipped away
the hardened cast, that had trapped a while
that which had been broken into pieces. Say
a word or two of simple grace, continue on
– for more need be said. Her grace
is far from simple. Then on me it dawns
that the heart is that hidden place
where the great softness of us sits – blind
to those vulnerabilities that give us fright.
But her beauty is so real and kind
her love doth be this mistress' delight.
Pray tell, let me bow. Let me love you sure
for I know her beauty shall endure.

An Old Man Forgotten

So little depends
upon
an old man
forgotten
by those round
him
He died last
Tuesday –
but no one
noticed

Sitting and Writing Poetry at Canada Place in April

The sky is bleached gray
the seats are metal cold
the sun barely peeks
through the clouds, coldly.
The wind blows with hardly
a breeze. The fountain-head
a dandelion – sprays noise
and water too.

And the sails they
stand still. That ship
is anchored, still it
does move – with the
city. You can't
see inside – from here.

A helicopter comes in
To land – the clatter,
clatter, clatter of that
metallic insect, reflects off
the buildings. Then silence
again, but not for long.

Some school children

dressed in blue clamber
past giggling. Then a boat
and another helicopter.
I don’t mind the
hustle and bustle.

It’s ten past nine
on a Wednesday morn’
and everyone is inside
doing something important,
except me!

Here I am
sitting and writing poetry
at Canada Place in April.

It’s Lunch!

It’s lunch

One of the three
most popular
parts of the day

Breakfast
Lunch,
Dinner

Is That A Smile?

Is that a smile
Or a smirk?

That’s a smirk
If I ever saw one

A smile doesn’t
Have sharp edges

The Rooster, he crowed and crowed and crowed

The Rooster,
he crowed
and crowed
and crowed

The hens pecked on
ignoring him, it was
well past the dawn.

Yet the old rooster
he crowed
and crowed
and crowed

cock a diddle do!

The Poetess

The poetess enjoyed her freedom
She could write where and when
ever she wanted. It was her fancy.

She smiled whenever she recited
her poetry in public, for her words
quickened her in their remembrance.

She remembered the moments
of ecstasy as she stroked and
petting the keys of her machine.

Her words flowed freely then,
and only then when she was
free to tickle her fancies.

There was a Nice Nurse Named Caroline

There is a nice nurse
named Caroline
Who knows how to make
someone feel fine.
All she has to do is to smile
and in a short while
all worry is gone from their mind.

Book Notes

1. **I Have Lived For Art**

   written in April, 2016

2. **Mona Lisa - Caterina**

   Written 2 July, 2016 – a book on this is to follow.

3. To **Feel the Heat and Touch the Heart**

   written in April, 2016

4. **In the Middle of the Night**

   written in April, 2016

5. **Unwrap Me and Savour the Sweetness of Life**

   written in May, 2016

6. **If they Love Their Flowers**

   written in May, 2016

7. **Take the High Road – Few Souls Will Follow You There**

   written in May, 2016

8. **Every Day I walk This Way**

   Written29 June, 2016 – a little poem written while sitting on a rock at Memorial Park in West Vancouver, on the way to work

9. **You Remind Me of Victor Hugo**

written 30 June, 2016 after sitting for a sculptor friend

10. **Something Pink and Flower Like**

written on Thursday 28 June, 2016

11. **Is it Eden After the Fall?**

written in February 2016. Prompted by a conversation with a friend.

12. **Is it the Dark Abyss of Death You Fear?**

written in February 2016. Prompted by a conversation with a friend.

13. **The Community of Ideas.**

written in March 2016 and submitted to the *Rhymezone* poetry contest – theme *Community*.

14. **Let Us Be Remembered**

written in March 2016 and submitted to the *Rhymezone* poetry contest – theme *Community*.

15. **Beauty is so Real and Kind**

written in March 2016 after having lunch with a friend.

16. **You Don't Remember Do You?**

written in January 2016 when encountering a friend I hadn't seen for many years.

17. **Perhaps Potty or a Bit Dotty?**

written in March 2016 after being verbally assaulted by a drunk.

18. **While I Still Have a Chance**

written in the middle of a sleepless night in spring, 2016

19. **A Modern Rhymerick Count**

written in February 2016 after an English tutoring session.

20. **Ode to an Upset Stomach**

written in the midst of food poisoning the first week of March 2016.

21. **Knock Knock**

written on St. Valentine's Day 2016

22. **Oh Me … Oh My**

written on March 20th, 2016, not that that day has any other significance for me.

23. **The Pig Philosopher**

written in February 2016 after tutoring a math class.

24. **School Life**

written on March 31st, 2016. Perhaps I should have waited a day?

25. **In His Dreams He Was Loved**.

written during a moment of insomnia in April 2016

26. **The Likes of You**

written when sitting and admiring a wild red rose.

27. **Dans le Jardin des Etoiles**

written when sitting on the balcony in the middle of the night.

28. **Her Beauty Shall Endure**

written after being touched in a loving way

29. **An Old Man Forgotten**

written after being demeaned because of my age ...

30. **Sitting and Writing Poetry at Canada Place in April**

written at 9:10 in the morning of Wednesday April 27th, 2016

31. **It's Lunch!**

Can you guess when this was written?

32. **Is That a Smile?**

written after receiving a smirk from an impish person

33. **The Rooster, he crowed, and crowed and crowed.**

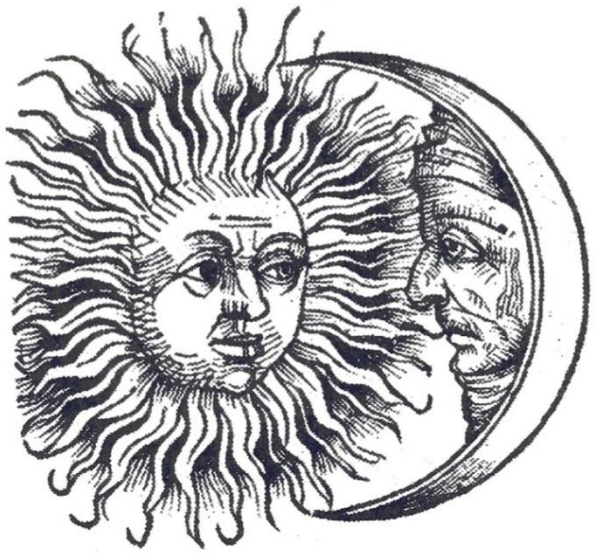
written as attribute to farm animals everywhere.

34. **The Poetess**

.... written in tribute to a poet friend, April 2016

35. **There was a Nurse Named Catherine**

written in a bed at Lions Gate hospital June 6th, 2016 (heart arrhythmia of unknown cause.)



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